Esq. Poetry vol 36.

Pro and Con.

Invidiam Virtute partam Gloriam potius duco quam Invidiam. — Cic.

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Pro *and* Con.

PRO met with *Con*: ----- Says *Con* to *Pro*,
Tell me, old Friend, [a] **Are theſe things ſo?**
For once the honeſt Truth declare,
And boldly anſwer, [b] **Yes, they are.**
[c] **What Things,** ſays *Pro*? Sir, [d] **They are not;**
Or if they are then, [e] **What of that?**
Will you [f] **a Weather-mender** prove,
And teach the God of Day to move?
Equally modeſt your Deſign,
T' inſtruct our Planet how to ſhine.
Don't beg the Queſtion, *Con* replied,
But let the Truth by Truth be tried:
I ſay they are, will dip in Gall,
And prove it too, [g] **Have at you all.**
I laugh at all Authority,
At you, and your Majority;
Will huff, and bluſter, if I'm right;
And if I'm wrong, play leaſt in Sight.

Come

[a] Are theſe Things ſo?
[b] Yes, they are.
[c] What Things?
[d] They are not.
[e] What of that?
[f] The Weather-menders.
[g] Have at you all.

} Seſſion of Wits, 1740.

Come on, Sir ——
Say what you can, you muſt allow
Times never were ſo bad as now;
Bad Schemes, from whence bad Conducts ſpring;
Bad Miniſters, —— Bad ev'ry thing.
Pro. This is, ſays *Pro*, your conſtant Trick,
To throw much Dirt that ſome may ſtick;
And like the Sons of Soot, pollute
With your own Filth, the ſpotleſs Suit.
The preſent Times you ſay are bad,
The like in all Times has been ſaid;
And whether theſe Times are the worſt,
By future Times ſhall be diſcuſs'd:
'Tis theirs, to judge with upright Laws,
And give us Cenſure or Applauſe;
As Parties we can't try the Cauſe.
Old Bards have vow'd, their Times ſo bad,
Poſterity could nothing add;[a]
For they had gain'd by wicked Skill,
The *nè plus ultrà* of all Ill.
O Tempora! O Mores! it appears
Has been the Cry, two thouſand Years:
And juſt the ſame, paſt all Pretence,
Will be the Cry, two Thouſand hence:
When in the ſilent Grave we rot,
Alike forgetting and forgot;[b]
Which, if fair Reaſon may decide,
Is, tho' 'tis yours, no virtuous Pride:
As we now ſtruggle, future Times
Shall ſtruggle, with imputed Crimes.
When we ſhall reſt, falſe Patriots ſtill
Shall call their own, the Public Weal.
Bent ſome great Stateſman to o'erthrow,
Shall on our Age their Praiſe beſtow;
In WALPOLE's Times it was not ſo.
He then ſhall ſwell the Trump of Fame,
And Faction skulk behind his Name;
Mouth'd by each Patriot proud and ſurly,
They'll play him off as you do *Burleigh*.
Con. Suppoſing this, yet how can you
Tho' fifty times as much were true;

From

[a] Nil habet ulterius quod noſtris moribus addat
Poſteritas: eadem cupient facientque minores.
Omne in Præcipiti vitium ſtetit. —— *Juvenal.* S. 1.
[b] Are theſe Things ſo? l. 7.

From ev'ry Imputation, ſay
How clear ——— [a] *The Author of To-day?*
To all the Charges we beſtow,
To all the Dirt you ſay we throw;
What Anſwer make?
Pro. I need not much.
The Force of awful Truth is ſuch,
And ſuch the Force of Innocence,
Unarm'd, they bear their own Defence.
A Strength you have not, ——— ſince 'tis known
Your Guilt's the Chain, that keeps you down.
And like the Squirrel in *Mat Prior*, [b]
Or here, or there, turn Wood, or Wire,
You never get two Inches higher.
What *Ajax* told *Ulyſſes*, ——— I
To all your *Champions*, Friend, apply. [c]
What you, ſays Bully-Greek, will you
Pretend to wear that Armour too,
Which to *Achilles* did belong?
I tell you, Friend, you're in the wrong;
Without a Foe from yonder Town,
Its very Weight would pull you down.
Not leſs ———
The wiſe Reformers of the State.
Would reel, and totter, with its Weight:
Should Faction labour to command
What *Jove* has giv'n to WALPOLE's Hand.
Nor lies their only Error ſtill
In want of Strength, but want of Skill;
Were *Samſon*'s Strength within their Call,
Like *Samſon* they would Ruin all,
And bury Thouſands in their Fall.
Con. Nay, who Rails now? Mayn't we Complain,
Who have ſuch Cauſe ———
Pro. What Cauſe? Explain.
Con. Did I not tell you when we met,
It is at ev'ry Thing I fret:
" *We wanted War, and War we have:* [d]
" *Such War, we ſoon a Peace ſhall crave.*
" *Peace ſhall be ours; ſuch Peace, that then*
" *Our Pray'rs ſhall be for War again.*

" *Thus*

[a] Ibid. l. 48.
[b] Prior's Works, duod. Vol. I. p. 16.
[c] Ov. Met. lib. 13.
[d] Are theſe Things ſo? l. 101.

" *Thus making worſt, what ſhould be beſt,*
" *We're ruin'd by our own Requeſt.*

Pro. And have you laid this Maxim down,
To be re-eccho'd by the Town?
Diſturb'd in War, diſpleas'd in Peace; [a]
Never to let your Malice ceaſe;
That nought e'er did or e'er ſhall pleaſe.
From what you here aſſert to-day,
'Tis no ſtrain'd Inference to ſay,
What you alledge, amounts to this,
Things have been and ſhall be amiſs.
Faction has nought to do with Right,
Or viewing Things in their true Light;
To Faction does alone belong,
To blacken, ſlander, and make Wrong.
Rare Scheme to undermine a State,
And glorious Miſchief to create;
Were all Things into Ruin hurl'd, [b]
You Atoms might compoſe a World.

Con. " *Why were our Navies lull'd aſleep,* [c]
" *A ſeven days Sabbath doom'd to keep?*
" *Thoſe Navies rais'd for our Support,*
" *Suffer'd to rot before our Port?* [d]
" *Why did you not ſend* Vernon *Aid,*
" *Much ſooner,* —— *for the Fleet 'tis ſaid*
" *Wan't ready till it could not Sail.*

Pro. That *windy* Argument muſt fail.
If tho' it could not, 'twas prepar'd,
But was by adverſe Winds debarr'd;
Thoſe adverſe Winds before thee call
On *Æolus* thy Wrath let Fall;
For thou art full as mad as he,
Who in his Fury, whipt the Sea.
Was *Norris* Wind-bound at *Torbay?*
Longer at *Aulis*, Poets ſay,
Achilles and th' *Atridæ* lay;
And yet if you'll remember, Boy,
They ſail'd at laſt and ſack'd old *Troy.*
Taught *Paris* what it was to roam,
And brought the tripping Madam home.

So

[a] The Weather-menders, p. 4.
[b] Ibid. p. 7.
[c] Yes they are.
[d] Are theſe Things ſo? l. 37.

So the *Achilles* of our Iſle,
On whom the Gods and Fortune ſmile,
Cærulean *Thetis* dearer Son,
Vernon, ſhall all our Wrongs attone;
Vernon ſhall humble haughty *Spain*,
And bring fair Commerce back again.

Con. " *Why are ſo many Millions gone,*
" *And nothing, nothing, nothing done?* [a]

Pro. See how Rage ſtill does Truth defy!
How Faction burſts in a broad Lie!
This Hour is rent with your Applauſe,
The next, you ſwear you have no Cauſe.
Praiſe you have given, you muſt own,
Yet none was due, --- if nought was done.
For all the Praiſe and Blame you give,
Chuſe, chuſe, old Friend, th' Alternative.

Con. And yet I fear all is not right,
Britons ought not to treat, but fight.

Pro. You fear, --- that weighty Argument,
Say, who can anſwer, or content?
But, ---- for I'm going, ---- pray reflect,
If Malice can ought elſe object.

Con. I'm ſo deep charg'd, I almoſt burſt,
And know not which to let off firſt.
" *Did not the Author of to-day deviſe* [b]
" *Contracts, Conventions, and Exciſe?*
" *Is he bely'd? paſt all Pretence,*
" *Calmly to wink at ſuch Offence,*
" *Proclaims his Fears, not Innocence.*
" *Aſide all Influence let him lay,*
" *To Proof his Conduct put to day,*
" *Something myſelf will for him ſay.* [c]

Pro. You ſay from him alone ariſe
Contracts, Conventions, and Exciſe.
Flow they from him? --- or well or ill
I know not; --- but I know them ſtill
Beyond my depth, --- above thy Skill.
You ſay he fears! his Fears you know:
Muſt he not fear? with you his Foe?
Muſt he not ſmart? ſo ſorely hit
With Pellets from your Popgun-wit?
No; arm'd with Juſtice, Truth and Right,
He mocks all Calumny and Spite.

From

[a] Are theſe things ſo? [b] Ibid. paſſim. *Cato*, Act 2.

From Pique and Prejudice exempt,
He views thee with a calm Contempt.
His Virtue gives thee back the Lie,
His Actions are his ſole Reply;
" *Might ſay with* Samuel, *Here I am!*
" *Bear witneſs if I'm ought to blame.*
Purſuing all that's fair and true,
Submits to Truth, but not to you.
Con. " *Have not his Brothers, Sons and Couſins,* [a]
" *Places and Penſions by the Dozens.*
Pro. Suppoſe it, - - - nay, confeſs the Charge;
A mighty nothing puff'd at large:
To make your Accuſation clear,
You ſhould methinks make this appear,
That others could ſupply their Place
With greater Dignity or Grace:
For if their Merit be the ſame,
An *Equal* is an *elder* Claim
In his exalted Mind, - - - which yet
Nature's ſoft Ties did ne'er forget;
Nor boaſts ſo much of Stoic Pride,
As throws Humanity aſide.
Con. Perhaps, dear Sir, each Place would be
More properly ſupplied by me.
Pro. There you and I *Con*, diſagree.
However, it may ſerve to ſhow,
No Fault of theirs who Places have,
Makes all your Pique and Malice flow,
But 'tis their having what you crave.
Yet ſurely, *Con*, 'tis leſs Diſgrace
To have one, than to want a Place.
Your Fate is ſtill, hard Fate for you,
To rail at what you moſt purſue;
Still want, and ſtill deny you do.
Thus the ſpruce powder'd *Temple*-Spark,
Who meets a *Venus* in the *Park*,
If ſhe his proffer'd Love denies,
Tho' baulk'd, away the tall Boy hies,
And ſays, with an affected Laugh,
I durſt not venture and be ſafe.
The Moth that round the Taper plays,
Will ſoon expire in its Blaze.

Con.

[a] Are theſe Things ſo?

Con. " *Yet ſince his Glaſs is almoſt run,*[a]
" *Let him not make us quite undone;*
" *Nor torture out the Dregs of Life*
" *In publick Infamy and Strife;*
" *To the laſt Gaſp maintain his Pow'r,*
" *To ſee his Country die before.*
" *Let him conſult his Family,*
" *He made them Great, ſhould leave them Free.*

Pro. You urge that ev'ry Man's a Slave:
What Chance has left you free to rave?
You ask him why he don't reſign?
To ask is Arrogance; --- nor mine
Were leſs, bold Menacer, ſhould I
Give a determinate Reply;
Or trace the Spring whence Actions flow;
We do not, and we ſhould not know.
Perhaps the Monarch, good and great,
The anxious Parent of our State,
Firm, yet indulgent in his Sway,
Whom 'tis our Glory to obey,
Will not, tho' Faction diſapproves,
And a mad Rout in Riot moves,
Diſrobe himſelf of one he loves:
So juſtly loves, ſo ſtrongly tried,
So long found faithful to his Side.
Still to his Conduct truſts alone,
Still asks his Care to guard his Throne:
Tho' Duty may'n't his Pow'r withſtand,
To deign t'ask is doubly to command.
For this he mocks the painful Strife,
And labours to the Verge of Life.
And, Oh, may Heav'n our Vows befriend;
May Time with ſlow-pac'd Step attend;
Hold up his Glaſs with ſteady Hand,
And ſparingly pour forth his Sand.
When that black Day at length appears,
That Fate denies him to our Tears;
" *With endleſs Fame, his Memory*
" *Shall bloom thro' late Poſterity.*"
And in Compaſſion to our Land,
May *Cæſar*, wiſe in each Command,
Bid one the mighty Charge attend,
The Monarch's Pride, the People's Friend:

[a] Are theſe things ſo? *juxta finem.*

Like him ſerenely Good, and Juſt;
And like him worthy of the Truſt.
Not one, who anxious to be Great,
Bears for himſelf the Toils of State;
And minding nought but private Good,
" Drops like a Leech when full of Blood. [a]

[a] *Non miſſura cutem niſi plena cruoris Hirudo.* Hor.

The E N D.

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